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VOLUME 13-14



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# THE LEHIGH BURR.

Vol. 14.

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No. 14.

PUBLISHED FORTNIGHTLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR.

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## EDITORIAL.

IN order to keep the college informed, in regard to the doings of the base ball team on their southern trip, THE BURR will have full telegraphic reports at the Eagle and Wyandotte Hotels, and on the bulletin board at Packer Hall. The telegrams should arrive early in the evening, and will be posted at once.

WE are very glad to hear that the idea of an inter-fraternity base-ball league, so often discussed heretofore, has at last taken definite proportions; and under the management of the Athletic Committee promises to be a successful reality. Outside of the possibilities of developing 'Varsity material the scheme has much to recommend it. The games, played on Saturday mornings and at other odd times when the regular nine is not using the diamond, are highly enjoyable to the participants and interesting to the spectators; while the goodnatured rivalry tends to promote good-fellowship. We have little doubt that the games will be spirited and that some good sport will result from the move.

THE Musical Clubs and the Mustard and Cheese have, during the past several years, tried in every way to fill the balcony at their performances. The house down stairs has, in almost every case, been crowded, and the balcony empty, or almost so. There seems

to be an idea prevailing, that a man looses caste by sitting anywhere but on the ground floor. Ask a man why he was not at the performance, and he will tell you, he did not have the necessary dollar; he never seems to think, that he could have gotten a good seat for much less money in the gallery. We see that the management of the Mustard and Cheese makes one more appeal, promises souvenir programmes, a comfortable seat, and in fact everything that the average man can possibly want. It is about time for the ridiculous repugnance to going upstairs to die a natural death. The managements have lost many a needed dollar on account of it, and the men, many an enjoyable performance.

The college should see to it, that the *whole* house is crowded, when the Mustard and Cheese give their play.

THE Spring is the time for changes. New flowers form to replace the old. New leaves take the place of the ones that have been scattered to the four winds of Heaven. The dissatisfied man can be seen trundling his little go-cart with all his earthly possessions on it, in search of a new habitation.

Even THE BURR is not exempt and consequently in the very fullness of the season we make our change. The new board takes charge of affairs with this number. We believe

it is the custom to announce the policy of the board for the following year at this time. For a number of years THE BURR endeavored to fill the positions of college newspaper and literary magazine. As the college enlarged it became manifest that it could not do both. Too much happened, news became stale before it could be published in a periodical coming out but two or three times a month. The need of a distinct college newspaper was felt, and the present occupant of that place sprang into existence. There was some doubt of stability; now there can be none, and in consequence, THE BURR will leave the news of the college to it.

This allows THE BURR to fill its proper position in the college, and during the coming year, the paper will be modeled as much as possible after the leading college monthlies. In pursuance of this scheme, all articles, not by the Board or handed in for competition, will be published with the full name of the writer.

We have the spirit of youth in our veins; we are ambitious, we want to do a number of things, and they can be done, if the college will give us its support. We hope that it will, and if it does, we hope still more, that we shall not prove unworthy of it. May we at the end of our time of service, sit back as the old Board does now, with the thought of duty nobly done. May we prove to them that their trust was not misplaced. May we—but it is well for a young bird not to fly too high, lest it find its wings not strong enough to bear it.

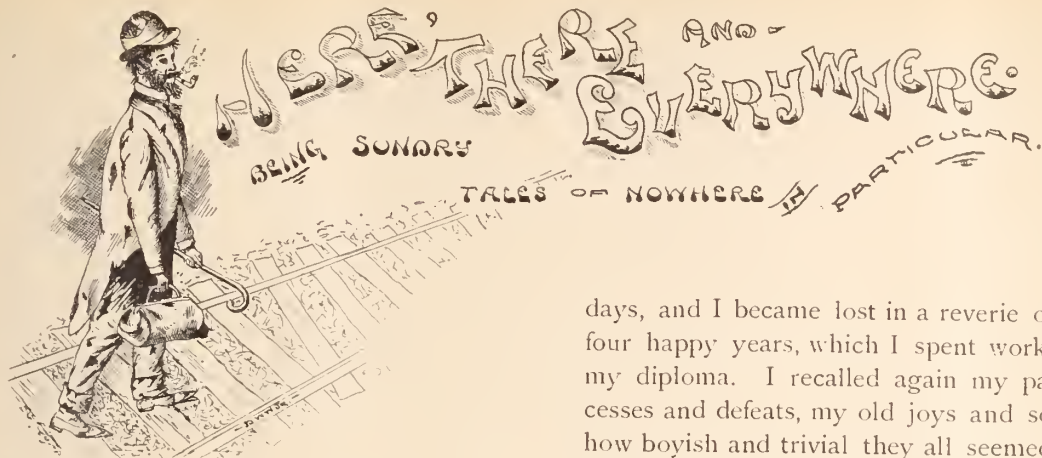
THE last campaign introduced a new factor into the world of politics, and one that is proverbially uncertain, that of the college man. We believe that political clubs have existed in colleges, as long as the very buildings themselves have, but until late years they have never had the influence, the force, that they now appear to possess. Some time ago they were banded together into an inter-

collegiate association, and a president elected, who would come in direct contact with the prime movers in the political world. The influence that such an organization would have was quickly seen, and made use of by politicians.

The real advantage to the world at large is not so evident. It becomes more and more evident every day, that politics can not be run in the corrupt way they are at present. Our last Congress successfully demonstrated the hold bribery has in the country. The past history of nations enters largely into our conceptions of the future of a country. The past has proved again and again that bribery and prosperity can not exist together. It is evident that if we hope to see our country flourish, we must find some way to check this growth of political dishonesty. History points the way. Scarcely more than a couple of scores of years it was said of English statesmen, that every man had his price. Today Great Britain is recognized as one of the purest of governments. On examining we find her lawmakers are all comparatively young men; there are perhaps one or two exceptions, but as a rule they are under fifty. This shows that all the complete cleansing of political methods, that must have taken place, was done by the young blood of the land. They felt their country's need and responded nobly. The application to our own case is very plain. The hope of our country lies in our youths.

The danger of our college political clubs lies here, they take our young men before their characters have had time to crystallize, and expose him to the chicanery of a political campaign. More than that, they expect him to make use of the same dirty methods employed there. Almost before he knows it, he is doing so. Launch a man into the political world with such a training and what can be the result? A few years will make it much too evident.





### THE ROLLINGSTONE.

I WAS spending a few days in one of the small, busy, manufacturing towns in the north of England, and had almost completed the business which I was transacting there for our American house, when passing along a side street about dusk one day, I was accosted by a rather shabbily dressed man, who wished me to direct him to a certain street. As I was about to pass on with the remark that I also was a stranger in that town, something in the man's expression, something in the thin, pointed face made me pause and regard him more attentively.

"Have I not met you before?" I asked him.

A queer, startled look appeared on his face as he answered, "Williams, is it really you?"

I immediately recognized in him an old college friend named Page, who was in the class beneath me, and whom I had not seen since I had left college ten years before. As I was in great haste to fulfill an important engagement, I had to hurry away immediately, first, however, making an appointment with him for that evening.

After dinner I retired to my room, and throwing myself in a huge, easy chair before a good fire that crackled in the large, open fire-place, I thought over this queer meeting with an old college friend. From this my thoughts soon turned back to my old college

days, and I became lost in a reverie of those four happy years, which I spent working for my diploma. I recalled again my past successes and defeats, my old joys and sorrows; how boyish and trivial they all seemed to me now that I had experienced the real bitterness and sorrow of the world, which most all of us must go through at one time or another in our careers.

I remembered several occasions, when experienced men of the world had lectured to us, and pointed out the mistakes, and faults of the young college graduate; how he usually seemed oppressed with the sense of his great knowledge, and smiled contemptuously at the remarks of the knowing men about him, and seemed to tolerate them and their opinions, because they didn't know any better. I remembered smiling, as I heard this description of the college man, and saying to myself—as, I suppose, many others said to themselves—"how foolish the men before me have been to make such mistakes, I shall not do this, I shall be the exception that proves the rule, and where countless others have failed in the profession which I intend to adopt, I shall be the successful exception and shall certainly rise above all my competitors."

I smiled as I remembered these bright dreams and air-castles, and thought of how my ideals and hopes had been realized.

I again returned to this man Page, whom I had just met. I remembered he was from some western city, and although he knew no one when he first came to college, he soon made several very good friends, and became quite a popular man. His room-mate, a man

named Wilson, was a peculiarly sad, quiet and reserved sort of fellow, who distinguished himself in his university work, and was one of the brightest men in his class. Some acts of kindness, which Wilson had shown Page when the latter arrived green and friendless in town, attracted him to Wilson, and were probably the causes of the warm friendship, which rapidly sprang up between them.

I was about to light a fresh cigar when a rap came at my door, and rising in answer to it I admitted Page, who bade me a quiet good evening, and immediately dropped into the chair which I offered him. He accepted and lit a cigar, and we both continued thoughtfully smoking for some minutes without speaking. At last he broke the silence.

"You were, no doubt, surprised to meet me here," he said.

I assented, and he continued:

"I have been in a great many places since we last met, and have had a great many queer experiences. I have played the part of the proverbial rolling stone, and like the proverbial stone, I have gathered no moss."

At his request, I related the few interesting facts in my own career, and then asked him; how it came that he had not made his fortune, as we all expected to do when we left college.

"If you care to hear it, I shall tell you my story," he said. "It certainly is not long, and it may have some points of interest for you."

"You may remember," he began, "that during your last few months at college my room-mate, Wilson, was working upon some scheme of his, which he thought would bring him fame and fortune. All his spare moments were devoted to the work and calculations, which were necessary to develop his idea and put it into some practical form. He was bound up in this idea, thought of nothing else, and at every opportunity would try to give me an insight of his theory. Many a night I awoke at one or two o'clock, and found him slaving eagerly away at his work. Finally he com-

pleted his experiments, made the model of his invention, and his work was finished.

"For some time previous to this I had been in trouble, I had fallen heavily into debt—I need not go into the details of how I did so—and now bills were pressing in upon me at every hand, and I saw that I was in a very bad way, unless I could put off my creditors for a few days. Worked up to a high pitch of excitement over my troubles, I was trying to devise some scheme by which I could accomplish this, when my eyes fell upon the case which contained Wilson's model. A sudden idea struck me. That little box contained the means of placing me upon my feet again! I did not stop to think what effect the loss of the reward of his hard work would have upon my friend. My only thought was to save myself, and in the end I took his model from the case, left the latter in its position, so as to deceive Wilson, and hurrying out succeeded in disposing of the model for a comparatively small sum.

"When in a day or two my theft was discovered, I left town on the remainder of my ill-gotten money; however not before I had an interview with Wilson, the details of which I remember now as plainly as though it had occurred yesterday. A few days later I shipped aboard a sailing vessel and worked my passage over here. I spent a few months here, and then worked my passage out to South Africa on a trading vessel, and there I have been until six months ago. Next week I am going back to Cape Colony for good."

"But tell me," I said, "what became of Wilson?"

"Oh, Wilson. Well, he started his work all over again, made some new discoveries, and perfected a machine which brought him a large fortune and more fame than he had hoped for. So you see," he concluded with a sad, reckless sort of a laugh, "that my dishonesty did him more good than harm, while as for me— Well, it doesn't matter much what happens. And now I have tres-



passed upon your patience long enough, and so I will say good night."

"Stop a minute, Page," I said, "although I had a very hard time of it myself when I first left college, I have since been more successful, and if I can be of—"

"I know what you were going to say," he interrupted, "and I thank you for your kind intentions. I guess, however, I can earn enough to keep me while I am alive, and," he added with a grim smile, "I guess some town will plant me when I shuffle off for good."

### A SAIL IN A HAMMOCK.

IT was almost ten o'clock, and not a breath of air was stirring. The sea-breeze, which usually springs up before nine, seemed to have forgotten me, and I looked forward to a sleepless warm night.

To sleep in the house was impossible, so I threw myself into the hammock out under the trees, and lay there gazing far off on the river, at the long streak of moonlight which lay so still upon the water. As I looked, the streak began to quiver, and soon the leaves above me rustled gently. At last the little breeze had come.

Far out upon the water the little waves sparkled and danced in the silvery light, and when they reached the wharf they thumped

He stretched out his hand, grasped mine, and before I could rise from my chair, he quickly left the room.

How long I remained in my chair thinking over bygone days I do not know. When I at last aroused myself from the deep reverie into which I had fallen after Page left me, my candle had gone out, and but a few dying embers were left of my fire, and as I had a queer sensation of oppression upon me, I quickly retired.

away at the sides of the boats, and exhausted their petty rage. When they struck the beach their musical little swish and the quiet swaying of the hammock invited sleep.

A series of vague ideas followed, and the scene changed. I was seated in my boat with the water gurgling merrily under keel, flashing up on the washboards, sometimes coming over the side. The wind increased, and I pulled the bags of sand over to the high side, and threw my weight well back.

The scene changed again. I was lying flat on the ground rapidly coming to the conclusion, that it is not wise to throw your weight well back on the high side of a hammock.

### USELESS AND OLD.

USELESS, aye, useless and old,  
And a blot on the fairness of Life's rapid stream,  
Then bury me, bury me in the dark mold,  
There, there may I dream.

Days, months, and years, flying by,  
As a shadow falls into the darkness of night,  
In the swiftness of change, now to live, now to die,  
Have dawned, and have faded from sight.

Change, thou hast one change more,  
And the best, and the last, ah! childhood gazed long,  
And thy form was a fable, thy ten and three-score,  
Last note in Eternity's song.

Back, oh, forever turn back,  
To the dawn of glad days, when the song was sung true.  
Is the sun down forever? Then come wind and come wrack,  
Here are dead leaves, come take them and strew.

## A SCENE IN THE SIXTIES.

IN 1861, when the boom of cannon, the rattle of musketry and the tramp of soldiers broke the peaceful quiet of the Shenandoah Valley, a company, consisting chiefly of boys, was organized near Norfolk. Few of them had reached their majority, and many were about sixteen.

The colonel, as he reviewed them, was almost amused at the idea of these boys going into war, and asked if they had their parents' consent. They had not, so he sent them back to get them. Thus baffled at the outset in their plans, they wrote the consent themselves, and returned in a short time.

In this company there were about fifteen boys who had grown up side by side. They had played together day after day, and now were going to fight side by side. Though mere boys they fought bravely, and during the latter part of the war, they and others like themselves, formed the bone and sinew of Lee's army. These boys bade farewell to the little Virginia girls and set out, many of them never to return. Their graves may be unknown, but they rest in the soil they loved so well.

Fred and Edward Mae, two brothers, belonged to this company. They played well on the guitar and banjo, and both sang superbly. They sang the dear old Southern songs, around the bivouac fire, to their listening comrades, who thought they sang them as no one else could.

As time went on that little circle of listeners grew smaller and smaller. Those boys saw their comrades falling one by one, and as they fell they closed the vacant spaces, and the brothers sang on as before. The circle had narrowed by a third, then Ned Mae was killed, and it never formed again to listen to the brothers sing.

The war ended, Lee had surrendered, and those words carried a sadness to those young

hearts, as no other words could. The Southern cause was lost, and to them that was dearer than life itself. They were in rags, but those little Virginia girls did not mind the rags. They welcomed the return of their boys and wept for the absent ones.

The old Virginia mansions showed the effects of the war. The fences were broken down and the cattle and hogs strayed at will. Hospitality alone remained, and soon the crowds of young people began to assemble as they had four years ago. They missed the absent ones, and Ned Mae worst of all. One evening when they met at "Level Green," the home of Colonel Herbert, some girls asked Fred Mae to sing. "Sing for us, Fred, as you used to do," they said. Those words, "sing for us, Fred," which he had heard so often and responded to so readily, now touched the tenderest chord in his big heart. It rolled away for a second the curtain of the present, and through the smoke of battle, as it were, he saw again Ned's face, heard again his voice, and saw once more that circle of boys around the bivouac fire; saw the vacant spaces closed up one by one, then Ned's face again—dead. He hesitated for a moment more, then went to the piano.

How often in the days gone by had he done this, but now no Ned was by his side; no voice was there save his own. A familiar old book lay open before him, lay open at one of the dear old songs, which he and Ned had sung so often together. He touched the keys for a moment or two, then his magnificent voice rose—rose but for an instant, then faltered and sank into a sob—a sob which only a man can utter. Fred's head was bowed, and his face was buried in his hands.

All was quiet save the sobbing of those true-hearted Southern girls as they hid their faces on their escorts' shoulders.

## NEVER SAY DIE.

IT happened in Egg Harbor Bay one bright day in June, just enough breeze to make the sail fill out well, and Marie at the tiller, dressed in a spotless white duck yachting costume. She made a pretty picture, with her hair flying out from under her yachting cap, and both hands braced on the tiller. She certainly was a typical sailor.

Marie and I had been on the eve of an engagement for the last three months, simply because I hadn't enough courage to ask her to be Mrs. St. John—at least that was the reason I gave. That morning I had at last reached the stage of indecision, when something must be done. Marie was staying with her Aunt in Ocean City, and I was staying just across the bay at Atlantic City, with the accent on the city. I had my brother's yacht for the summer, and was enjoying the privileges to the best of my ability. That morning I had sailed over to Ocean City, and persuaded Marie to go sailing without her Aunt. The yacht skipped over the water like a racer, and we soon ran over to Beesley's Point and stopped at the quaint old hotel to get some Jersey watermelon for lunch. Some 'other people from Atlantic City were at the hotel sampling Jersey lightning, and it looked as good as the watermelon; but no stolen sweets for me that day. We went back to the boat and started for a long sail. I was just starting to tell Marie "the same old story," when (just my luck) we ran on one of the numerous sand bars which spread their arms all over the bay like an immense octopus. Then the wind died out, and to end it all, I sat down in half a melon. I was afraid to stir, afraid to turn, afraid to look, when I heard the puff of

a naphtha launch and saw my chum, Ned, coming toward us at full speed in his neat little naphtha. We explained our difficulty, and Ned took us in tow.

Once more we were off, and for the first time that morning, the old Lehigh banner flew out from the masthead. That reminded me; if I didn't propose soon I would get an absence. Marie was on the stern of the boat dragging her parasol along in the water, as it rippled around the rudder. I looked at her, and then waded through the proceeding in some way, and was hanging on air; as she flirted her parasol around, and looked complacently at me. I could see her answer was "yes," and in one more minute I was sure of it. Then, to dispel the romance, Ned suddenly started the launch at full speed, and Marie gracefully kicked up her feet, and went over backwards into the salt, muddy water. I jumped after her, determined on making a brave rescue. As soon as she had her breath she screamed, "I'll never, never, never marry you, Dick St. John. You did it on purpose." Both the water and the exclamation rather cooled my ardor. But when we were back at her Aunt's in dry clothing, in front of a bright wood fire—such a fire as you can only see at the shore on a cool evening in summer—I explained to her that the cause of her going overboard was not due to me, but because the elastic limit of the rope had not been reached, therefore a sudden force applied at one end applied the same force at the other, causing a reaction of her feet into the air, and herself into the water. After thinking profoundly for a few minutes, she accepted the demonstration and the demonstrator.

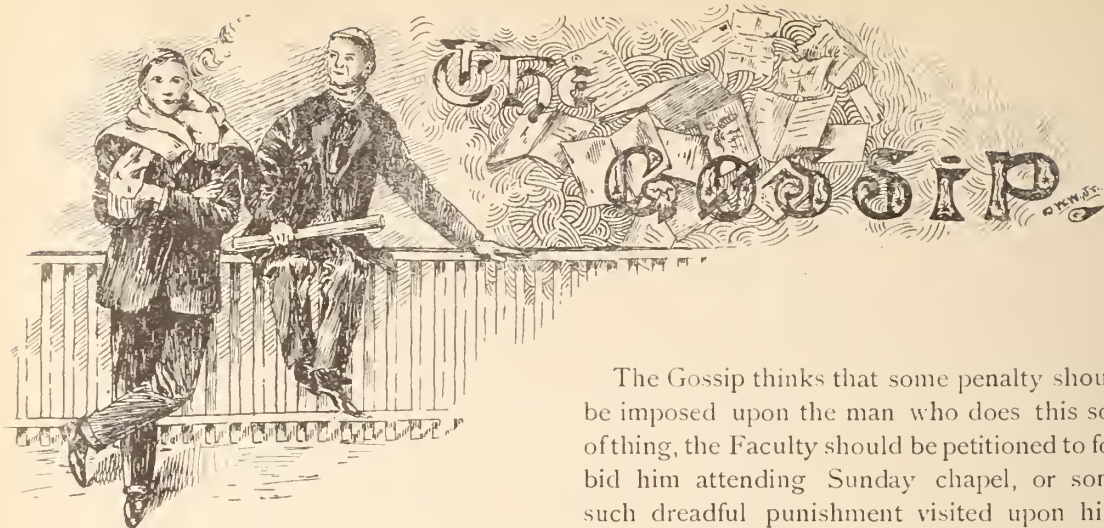
## JUST SUE.

SHE isn't an angel,  
She isn't a lily, a rose, or a pearl;  
She is simply the neatest,  
Completest and sweetest,  
My dear little, sweet little girl.

## AN EXPLANATION.

"WHY art thou here?" a stern sire quoth  
To a youth whose face blushed red.  
Removing his arm, that encircled her form,  
"I was *waist*-ing a moment," he said.





ONE of the worst habits of the Lehigh man, and one The Gossip would give anything to break, in himself as well as in others, is that of "talking shop."

Every day at half past twelve, we see a couple of hundred men in groups of twos and threes streaming down through the campus; each man carefully explaining to his companion, how he has, or how he has not knocked this subject or that subject, and the causes and reasons for so doing.

The Gossip is one of these deep, absent-minded sort of fellows, and often indulges in more or less delightful reveries of how he is some day going to set the world on fire, get out of debt, and various other vague and impossible things. Now it seems to be The Gossip's luck that whenever he is strolling about the campus or the town, lost in the depths of such important thoughts, and building beautiful air castles, he is sure to be brought back to this prosaic world by some such remark as, "My! how I knocked my Math. today," or "Have you drawn your dynamo yet?" Of course remarks of this sort are very important and interesting, it always interests one man to hear how another has made a good recitation or a bad one, and that if he had put this figure in place of that one in a certain piece of work, he would have made a "cold ten."

The Gossip thinks that some penalty should be imposed upon the man who does this sort of thing, the Faculty should be petitioned to forbid him attending Sunday chapel, or some such dreadful punishment visited upon him, that would cure him of the bad habit of holding these post-mortem examinations and recitations.

\* \* \*

The Gossip was bumming around the Gym. a few days ago. His mind was occupied with thinking how nice it would be to be strong like Sandowe or the Samson of '98. Suddenly, as the clock struck five, he was struck with an awful desire to take a gym. drill, so he hustled into his suit (which, by the way, is a good deal stronger than he is,) and placed himself directly over one of Mr. Smith's artistically painted spots, and waited impatiently for the order to expand his chest, which he knew would soon come.

The Gossip knew he looked beautiful, as he stood there on one leg with the rays of the declining sun playing in his golden hair. He knew he looked well, although the supply of his gym. suit did not quite meet the demand. Then he tackled the drill like a little man, but when he got to "pull the string" he was as feeble and nervous as an old grandfather, and sank to the floor looking like a bunch of hard luck. He was called to his senses by the cry "stationary run." The Gossip did the first part of this exercise, he remained stationary alright, but did not run. After what seemed an eternity, he heard in the deep-toned voice

of Mr. Smith, "bells away." He removed his exhausted frame to his locker, and after taking his unaccustomed bath, left the Gym.

That was yesterday; today all his movements are accompanied by intense pain. His joints are as stiff as rusty hinges, and shooting pains chase themselves up and down his back, and make him feel like shooting the man who invented gym. drills. He has decided to stop Sandowing so violently; he does not care if he is never so strong as the Samson of '98, and is going to stick to his old plan of accomplishing by judicious and prudent exercise, an hour's work in ten minutes. To do this Gossip has often found it necessary to work only a few muscles of his right hand.

\* \* \*

One of The Gossip's best friends is the little "mucker" who comes up with a "Say, mister, gimme a nickel for de base-ball team; will you, mister?" He meets him frequently.

#### THE VANISHED STAR.

**I**N olden times there shone a star  
More bright than all her sister spheres,  
And radiant gleamed her light afar,  
Through the forgotten mists of years.  
But in the ages' ceaseless change,  
The star at last in fragments broke,  
At night in heaven's boundless range  
Her light no more in glory woke;  
Mankind forgot her place at last,  
Lost, 'mid the dead things of the past.

—The Mustard and Cheese will soon get out postals, inviting the Alumni of the organization to be present at the play, and to join in a grand reunion to be held after the performance.

—THE BURR and its exchanges will be found, in the future, on file in Christmas Hall. We regret that necessity compels the mutilation of some of the exchanges.

Sometimes he carries a ragged subscription book, but oftener nothing but an inquiring and eager face. The Gossip has a true affection for this little bit of South Bethlehem's sporting blood, and his affection is deepened because it is against his principles to encourage idleness in the young, and he therefore assists his cause with some of his spare "chicken feed." His friend will plead a long time for a coin, and is extremely non-committal when you attempt to jolly him. He reverences a college base ball or foot-ball player as an infinitely superior being, and he knows each athlete's strong points and weaknesses better than anybody else. He is on hand regularly at every practice of the 'Varsity teams, and owns the athletic grounds. All in all, he is a wonderful personage; assertive and independent, afraid of noth— but stop. "Cheese it, Buck!" and there's an end of him.

#### EASTER SUNDAY.

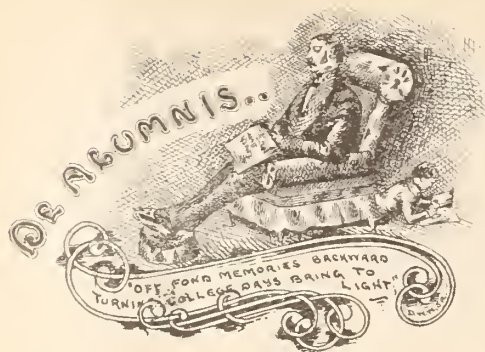
**"H**OW beautiful the flowers,  
The lilies white and fair.  
The music was delightful,  
The hymns, the chanted prayer.  
The toilets were so perfect,  
Of textures rich and rare.  
No wonder that each of us,  
Did at the other stare.  
Oh! 'twas a glorious service,  
And all the world was there,  
'But how about the sermon?'  
You've got me, I declare."

—Oxford and Cambridge are to have a rival in a new university, which will be built at London.

—The Dartmouth Base-Ball Team will play eighteen games, of which eleven will be on the home grounds.

—The Class of '97, of Tuft's College, Mass., will issue a history of its *Alma Mater* in place of the usual class annual.





—The Secretary of the Alumni Association desires the addresses of the following:

W. S. Cranz, '81,	W. H. Woods, '87,
E. A. Bates, '88,	C. P. Tumer, '89,
C. E. Raynor, '88,	J. W. DeMoyer, '99,
H. F. Harper, '84,	W. H. Harley, '90,
J. B. Buckley, '91,	M. D. Sohon, '90,
G. S. Hayes, '91,	R. L. Baird, '92,
G. E. Wendle, '91,	L. E. Troutman, '93,
L. R. Shellenberger, '91,	A. Shotte, '93,
T. M. Roller, '94.	

Any information concerning the above should be sent to H. H. Stoek, State College, Pa.

—Elias Vander Horst, '91, is with Fleming & Company, 302 Broadway, New York.

—D. McFarland Moore, Ex-'91, the head of the Moore Construction Company, was in town for several days last week.

—E. G. Rust, '89, is in the employ of the Southwark Foundry and Machine Company, Philadelphia.

—R. M. Dravo, '89, is with the Dravo Construction Company.

—E. D. Buel has a position with the Croton Aqueduct Commission, at Carmel, N. Y.

—C. F. Zimmele, Ph. B., '87, is taking a course at present at the Johns Hopkins University.

—J. Edgar Miller, '93, is living at 3122 Calumet Avenue, Chicago. He is occupying the position of Asst. Chief Engineer in the Siemens & Holske Electric Company, of that place.



- March 18. Mathematical Club.
- March 21. Death of Dr. Coppée. The undergraduates hold a mass-meeting to pass resolutions on the death of Dr. Coppée. College adjourned.
- March 23. Dr. Coppée's funeral. All College exercises suspended.
- March 24. Rev. Elipalet Potter, D.D., LL.D., President of Hobart College, preached in Chapel.
- March 25. Agora meeting.
- March 26. Electrical Engineering Society.
- March 28. Engineering Society meeting.
- March 29. Sophomore Class banquet, Eagle Hotel, Bethlehem, Pa. Committee, A. S. Johnson, J. F. Wallace, H. H. Seabrook, H. F. Brown, E. R. Hannum.
- March 30. Sociedad Hispano Americana de Lehigh, literary meeting in honor of Dr. Coppée's memory.
- April 1. Mathematical Club.

#### \* AT THE GLEE CLUB CONCERT.

Tho' they gaze with rapt attention,  
And applaud with might and main.  
Yet they do not hear the music,  
And the reason I'll explain.

He is thinking of his dress-suit,  
Of his snowy linen tie,  
Of his shining patent leathers,  
Of his collar stiff and high.

She is thinking of her diamonds,  
Of her ostrich feathers gay,  
Of her op'ra cloak from Paris,  
Of her dress decollete.

It has cost him many shekels  
To escort her as he should  
To this great and famous concert—  
May it do them lots of good.—*Oberlin Review.*

—Of the seventy-five members of the present Princeton Faculty, forty-six are graduates.

—Princeton's base-ball schedule shows twenty-seven games, of which fourteen are on the home grounds.. In case of ties with Yale, Harvard, and Orange A. C., extra games will be played.

## RESOLUTIONS.

AT a special meeting of the Lehigh University Association of North-Eastern Pennsylvania, held at Wilkes-Barre, March 22, 1895, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, In the death of Henry Coppée, LL.D., who has been connected with the Lehigh University since its foundation, as president, and senior professor, the University has lost a most faithful officer; the cause of education, an ardent supporter; and the students and alumni, a valued friend and counsellor; be it hereby

*Resolved*, That the Lehigh University Association of North-Eastern Pennsylvania, hereby tender our sincere condolence to the bereaved family, feeling that his good deeds, his pure character, and his unselfish devotion to duty, will ever be graven on our hearts, guiding us on to higher aims, and the pursuit of nobler aspirations.

*Resolved*, That a copy of this resolution be transmitted to his family and printed in the University publications.

H. W. ROWLEY,	E. H. LAWALL,
W. A. LATHROP,	ARTHUR LONG,
W. H. DEAN,	E. W. STURDEVANT,
CHAS. GRAHAM,	L. L. REESE,
A. F. BRIGHAM,	G. E. SHEPHERD,
Committee.	

AT a special meeting of the Lehigh University Alumni Association of Washington, D. C., held March 23, 1895, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

*Resolved*, The members of this Association have learned with profound sorrow and regret of the recent death of Professor Henry Coppée. All knew him, and regarded him with affectionate veneration, as much for his qualities of heart, as for his great learning. As former students of the University, we appreciate the loss it has sustained, and tender to it, as well as to the family of Dr. Coppée, our sincere condolences.

It was further resolved that copies of this resolution be forwarded to the family of the deceased, to the *Brown and White*, and THE LEHIGH BURR.

THEO. W. BIRNEY,  
FELIX FREYHOLD,  
RALPH P. BARNARD,  
Committee.

Forwarded in accordance with the above resolution.

RALPH W. LEE, Secretary,  
WASHINGTON, D.C.,  
March 28, 1895.  
1331 F Street.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

AMONG the exchanges, in general appearance and literary excellence, the *Harvard Monthly* easily ranks near the head of the list. In the March number, history, fiction, the essay, and verse are found. Its opening article is on "Benedict Arnold's Service to His Country," which shows evidence of careful study. Of the stories, that entitled "The Witch of Westford" is the best, according to our ideas. In it considerable power is shown and some of the touches are very deft.

The honor system is occupying a large amount of space in college magazines at present, and many valuable and timely suggestions have been made in connection with it. *The University of Pennsylvania Courier* for March 27 has a letter from Professor W. Le Conte-Stevens concerning the "Honor Examination." He says: "It must not be expected

that when the start is made success will be immediate. Tradition cannot be established in a few years. But even *partial success is far preferable to the system of espionage*. It is better that a few offenders should escape, than one unworthy man should capture a pass mark to which he is not justly entitled, than that a hundred honorable young men should be treated as if they were devoid of a sense of honor. Professor Stevens was a student at the Universities of South Carolina and Virginia, at which institutions the system has long been in vogue. *The Pennsylvanian* also has a thoughtful editorial on the same subject in the issue of March 29.

*The Rutgers' Targum* for March 27, contains its prize story, entitled "Miss Darand," by F. H. Pierson, Jr., '96, which is a very commendable effort. The number also contains an interesting article on the college itself.



—Yale is considering the advisability of giving up compulsory chapel.

—Vassar has challenged Bryn Mawr to an intercollegiate debate.

—There is a fraternity in the University of Michigan that admits both sexes to membership.

I LOVE MY LOVE.

Every one thinks some face fairer  
Than all others in the land.  
Thinks this one alone is perfect,  
Vows to her his heart and hand.

Then he sings in loudest praises  
Of her wealth of golden hair,  
Of her lips like ripest cherries,  
She alone divinely fair.

But there's one that's quite forgotten,  
One whose charms they fail to see ;  
Yet in my abject devotion  
Fairest of the fair is she.

There's not one half so entrancing  
Or so makes my poor heart thrill—  
As is Martha Washington's picture  
On a bright one dollar bill.—*Yale Record*.

—The jurisdiction of the athletic association at Johns Hopkins has been limited to tennis, indoor athletics, and track contests.

—The Pennsylvania Gymnasium Team will take a western trip with the college Banjo Club during the Easter recess.

—The Harvard Freshman Base-Ball Team will play sixteen games, of which ten will be on the home grounds. They will have a training table from May 1st, till the close of the season.

—The Oxford and Cambridge crews never practice in secret, but frequently pass each other on the river, and often the captain of one college crew follows the other college's boat.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead  
Who never to himself has said,  
As stubbed his toe against the bed,  
!    !!    !!!    !!!!    ?    —*Ex.*

—Columbia boasts eighteen college publications.

—Cornell goes back next term to the old examination system.

—Every university in the East has adopted the cap and gown this year.

HOW IT CAME.

Once Cupid, in his roguish way,  
Into a room went peeping,  
And there upon the sofa lay  
A maiden calmly sleeping.

Then Cupid straightway aimed a dart  
With a triumphant grin ;  
The shot was careless, missed her heart,  
And struck her in the chin.

He drew the shaft and kissed the place,  
'Twas healed by means so simple ;  
The wound, however, left a trace—  
A charming little dimple.—*U. of P. Courant*.

—Of the famous class of '29, in Harvard, there are, since the death of Oliver Wendell Holmes, only four surviving members: Dr. E. L. Cunningham of Newport, R. I., Rev. Samuel May (the class secretary), of Leicester, Rev. Samuel F. Smith, of Newton, the author of "America," and Charles S. Storrow of Boston.



—Harvard defeated Princeton in the inter-collegiate debate on March 26.

—The Harvard Cricket Team will commence practice immediately after spring vacation.

—R. H. E. Starr, '96, has been elected captain of the Harvard Lacrosse Team.

—A debate between the Yale Freshman Union and the Harvard Freshman Debating Club will be held in New Haven, May 10.

—It has been decided by Harvard Faculty and some of the leading undergraduates to hold a mass-meeting in order to discuss the football situation.

—Students of the California State University have subscribed \$1000 to send their track team East. This team will meet Princeton's team at Princeton, May 11th.

—There is a scheme on foot to form a Lacrosse Association, composed of several of the largest colleges in America, and have a meet on the polo grounds in New York.

—Bishop William Lawrence, of Massachusetts, has accepted the invitation of the Harvard Class Day Committee to deliver the baccalaureate sermon.

#### THE BICYCLIST'S SONG.

Turn, my wheel! with quickening speed,  
O'er the smiling landscape hear me.  
Courser thou, of proudest breed,  
Yet with none would I compare thee.

As the camel's spongy hoof  
From the pavement wakes no echo,  
Steed and rider, rubber shod,  
Down the street in silence go.

When the road, a band of light,  
Stretches to th' horizon's rim,  
And the trees upon the sight  
Flash, then backward whirl and spin.

Then, ah then, is joy supreme!  
Care from out the heart is crushed.  
Life and thought and feeling seem  
Centered in the onward rush.

Ever willing! Ever fleet!  
Iron frame with nerves of steel!  
Forward, scorning laggard feet,  
Turn, my wheel!

THE BURR-dun of our cry,

Subscribe, subscribe, ye mercenary tribe.

—Prof. Taussig, of Harvard, has an article in the current number of the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, entitled "A Professor's View of Athletics."

—The student-body at Vassar has voted to establish an Athletic Association, and a committee has been appointed to draw up a constitution and by-laws.

—The Seniors of Yale have organized a military company to have regular drill, and it promises to be very popular.

—The Board of Aldermen of Cambridge has issued an order, prohibiting the Harvard athletes from training in the streets unless properly clad.

#### COMMUNICATIONS.

[The Editors are not responsible for any opinions expressed in this column. No anonymous articles published.]

EVERY community has certain unwritten notes of etiquette, which men are bound to regard. The college world is no exception, it has its laws; the violation of which mark a man as a boor and a cad. One of the principal clauses of this common law of the college, is the one making it a breach of good form for a fraternity man to nominate, at a public meeting, one of his brothers. The justice of this course is evident to all.

It is to the breaking of this time-honored custom that I want to call the attention of the readers of THE BURR. At our class meetings time and again has it occurred. I think in the upper classes the thing would soon be put down, but we are Freshmen and appear to lack the necessary nerve to take steps in that direction. A few well-chosen words would at once put a stop to all such nominating, but we fail to speak them.

I am afraid that I am "rushing in where angels fear to tread," but it is a Freshman's prerogative to blunder, and if I do so, I hope you will bear with me, and remember that I am only a member of the class of '98.

## HER THANKS.

She thanked them all for everything,  
From Christmas card to diamond ring;  
And as her gifts she gaily flaunted,  
She told her friends, "Just what I wanted."

But I, who had no cash to blow,  
Just kissed her 'neath the mistletoe.  
She blushed a bit, yet never daunted  
Repeated low, "Just what I wanted."

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

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## ❖THE LEHIGH SPOON.❖

*We have just completed a New Spoon for the College.*

*The bowl is made in the form of a foot-ball, the handle contains a base-ball and bat, rope for tug-of-war, and a pennant in bronze enamel with the letters L-e-h-i-g-h brought out in white.*

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—The new building of the University of the City of New York will be ten stories high and will cost \$700,000.

—The Brooklyn-New York inter-scholastic relay race will take place at the Wilson & Kellogg games to be held at the Berkeley Oval, April 27.

—Amherst, Williams, and Boston Tech., have called out their candidates to begin training for the track teams.

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# THE LEHIGH BURR.

Vol. 14.

APRIL 6, 1895.

No. 14.

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## EXTRA.

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### THE NEW PRESIDENT--DR. THOMAS M. DROWN.

THE past eighteen months in the college have been filled with rumors. We have come to chapel, to hear that some certain man is sure to be our president; the next morning the wind has changed and we have heard that the Faculty will surely announce the election of an entirely different person. We have tired of this sort of diet, and have cried for the truth, or some sure foundation for the rumors. At last we can rest in comfort, our poor heads will be able to return to their normal state. The new president, after many long months of waiting, has at last been announced. Much to our satisfaction, he is a man of mark, a broad-minded thinker, and of much experience in college affairs.

Doctor Thomas M. Drown is the man who is to take charge of Lehigh affairs. He is at present professor of chemistry at the Boston Institute of Technology. He has occupied that position for a number of years with much credit to himself and the institution. Dr. Drown is a graduate of the Philadelphia Central High School. On leaving there he went to the University of Pennsylvania; after receiving his diploma, Harvard was the next scene of action for him. He finished there and went to Germany to make further investigations in the line of his profession.

In 1870 he was offered the chair in chemistry at Lafayette, which he accepted. The activity of the man is made evident, by his organizing the American Society of Mining Engineers, the following year. In this society he has always been very prominent, serving for a long time as secretary, and then as vice-president. Later he was elected an honorary member. No slight honor at that time, when

we remember that there were at that time 1345 members, only three of which had similar honors.

Dr. Drown has written a number of books, all of which have been very successful. As a sanitary engineer he ranks second to none. The position of sanitary engineer to the State of Massachusetts is at present held by him. At the Montreal convention of the American Society of Mining Engineers, he was given a memorial of three thousand dollars.

An incident happened while the Doctor was at Lafayette, which exactly represents the character of the man. He was at that time secretary of the above-mentioned society, and had on file, the almost priceless records of the doings of that society. One night the news came that Pardee Hall was on fire and rapidly burning. His first thought was not of his own valuable library, but of his charge. He reached the scene, and had time to rescue the proceedings of the society, but at the expense of his own rare collection of books.

With such a man at the helm, Lehigh's affairs ought to prosper, as they never have before, and none will welcome the coming prosperity more heartily than the students.

#### DR. CHANDLER'S ADDRESS.

ON Friday morning at Chapel, Dr. Chandler made the formal announcement to the College of the choice of President. His remarks were practically the matter we have given on the first page. The entire Faculty, as well as all the instructors, were present. The students also turned out in full force. The remarks of satisfaction were numerous as the body filed out of Chapel.

## THE LEHIGH BURR.

Published Fortnightly During the College Year.

## EDITORS.

WILLIAM CARTER DICKERMAN, '96, Editor-in-Chief.

HASSELL WILSON BALDWIN, '96, Business Manager.

CHARLES FRANCIS SCOTT, '97, Assistant Business Manager.

FREDERIC ALLYN DABOLL, '96.

HERBERT HUEBENER BECK, '97.

ALFRED MAHLON WORSTALL, '96.

ERLE RITER HANNUM, '97.

HARRY LAYFIELD BELL, '97.

HENRY TAYLOR IRWIN, '97.

GEORGE CLIFFORD DUNNELLS, '97.

WE feel that we owe the College an apology for the incompleteness of this supplement. The importance of the announcement seemed to warrant the attempt, however, and if it lacks completeness, we hope the College will forgive it.

A COLLEGE without a president is like a ship without a helm. The wind may blow her into a safe port, and then again it may not, take it as you may, the crew is worried. So with college affairs, with a president lacking there is an indefiniteness, that is apt to make the students anxious. A man is apt to regard the sending of his son to college, as a sort of an investment, to be repaid in after-life. Regarding it in this light he is certain to look the field over carefully, and a college without its principal officer must present to an outsider an appearance far from prosperous. The chief of the executive department is an important man, and take it as you may, his absence is a very great drawback. So it is with a sigh of relief that the college welcomes Dr. Drown. Affairs already look brighter, and the present is but a dim reflection of what the future will be.

SOME time ago we noticed on the bulletin boards the announcement of a committee to consider the desirability of getting out a Lehigh Song Book. So far, so good; but unfortunately that is all the farther it extended. We have never heard of any report from that committee, neither have we seen any signs of the appearance of such a book. It

seemed almost absurd to appoint a committee to discuss the desirability, when it is evident on the face of it, that a song book is just what the college has been longing to get. What Lehigh man has not felt a pang of envy when he sees the efforts of Yale and Harvard in that direction? The work, if sold at a reasonable price, should have a large sale; in fact we can count on certain success. The one thing lacking is the necessary energy, and it is very strange if, in a college of five hundred men, some cannot be found willing to take hold of the scheme. The matter should be looked up, for the need is great.

## MUSTARD AND CHEESE.

THE following men will be the ushers at the coming performance: McClung, Johnson, Tarleton, Bassell, Thompson, Jones, Chetwood, and Gibson.

## THE INAUGURATION OF DR. DROWN.

DR. Drown will in all probability be introduced to the College on Alumni Day of Commencement Week. An effort will be made to have a large number of the old men back to welcome him.

## THE RELAY RACES.

LEHIGH will undoubtedly win the relay race with Lafayette at the Pennsylvania meet. A prominent member of the Lafayette Track Team had yesterday barely heard of the scheme, and as for training had not thought of it. Our track team has been in hard training for several weeks, and should be in the very pink of condition. Captain Wheeler deserves much credit for the businesslike way he has taken hold of affairs.

—The anti-hazing law of New York State imposes a fine of not less than \$10 nor more \$100, or imprisonment for not less than thirty days nor more than one year, upon all students caught hazing or aiding the affair in any way.



## THE PRESIDENTS OF LEHIGH.

THE term of office for a president of Lehigh is according to the rule only five years. At the expiration of this time the president must tender his resignation to the Trustees. Of course this is only a formality except in extreme cases. With Dr. Drown's inauguration will begin Lehigh's fourth presidential administration. The late Dr. Coppée was the first to hold office. His election for the post was largely due to the influence of the Rt. Rev. William B. Stevens, then Bishop of the Diocese of Pennsylvania, who was a close friend and adviser of the Hon. Asa Packer at the time of the founding of the University. Dr. Coppée served for two terms, at the conclusion of which the Board of Trustees relieved him of his arduous duties in view of his advancing years. The next five years saw Rev. John M. Leavitt, D.D., in the President's chair. His administration was the only poor one that Lehigh has had. Dr. Leavitt, although lenient to an extreme, was never popular with the students. He was a poor disciplinarian, lacked aggressiveness, and was no man of affairs. So that when in 1880 he tendered his resignation it was accepted. One of the main things found against him was his half-hearted Protestantism, and so it caused but little surprise, when a few months after leaving Bethlehem, he published a book advocating in the strongest manner the claims of the Papacy, although then a clergyman of the Episcopal Church. In this book he held up to ridicule under fictitious names some of the people then intimately connected with the University. In 1880 the late Dr. R. A. Lamberton was chosen to fill the office, and in 1893, when he died, was serving his third term. He was elected by the Board of Trustees on account of his demonstrated executive ability, as well as for his high standing as a scholar. His occupation up to the time of his election was that of a corporation lawyer, with offices in Harrisburg. Since his

death the senior professors have been directing the affairs of the University.

The salary connected with the office is \$8000 per annum with the privilege of using the President's House on the Campus.

The Board of Trustees spent nearly two years in their quest after the right man to succeed Dr. Lamberton, but have at last filled the office to their entire satisfaction. During this period of waiting, numerous names have been mentioned, as those of people who had been asked to take the place, the most prominent among whom were Eckley B. Coxe, Stephen M. McConnell, D.D., rector of St. Stephen's Church, Philadelphia, and President Smith, of Trinity College, Hartford.

## A CO-EDUCATIONAL IDYL.

They had their tables side by side,  
Two Freshmen young and green,—  
He at the early moustache stage,  
And she sweet seventeen.  
And through the autumn afternoons,  
When sultry was the weather,  
They cut up wringly angle-worms,  
And peered at crawly zoosperms,  
And "did their lab." together.

A quiet corner in the quad,  
A shady, pleasant nook,  
Two Freshmen hearts that beat as one,  
Some caramels, a book,  
And in the early winter days,  
When pleasant grew the weather,  
With lips that spoke of tenses vile,  
And eyes that whispered love the while,  
They "got their French" together.

Alack! No more the ball game hears  
His ringing tenor voice;  
The halls of Roble know no more  
The damsel of his choice;  
For at the cheerless Christmas tide,  
When dismal grows the weather,  
And ex. and quiz the soul dismay,  
'Tis said they made—alas, the day!—  
A cold, dead flunk, together.

—*The Sequoia.*



## LEHIGH PASTELS.

## THE DAFFODIL.

THE April showers had come, one minute the sky was a dull leaden mass, the next bright and glowing with light. Each rain drop forming a tiny reflector. The wind was like a woman's will, ever changing. One morning the sun shone as if delighted at pushing its dirty cloak from around itself. All nature seemed bursting with life. It was at this moment that a dainty young daffodil ventured to look out from beneath her bed of grass. The sun kissed her on the tip of her nose, and she liked it, and thought what a beautiful world it was. Then growing bolder, she pushed her covers away, and stood a drop of gold in a sea of green. A robin chirped to her, and she nodded her fair head. There was a little pool of water, and, must I confess? my little daffodil took many sly peeps at herself reflected there. She was a little vain, I'm afraid, but then who would not be with a crown of gold on one's head. A southern breeze was blowing, a lusty breeze, full of the ardor of the Tropics and laden with its sweet perfumes. He saw the daffodil, and loved and wooed her. First he would play on his Æolian harp, and the soft sweet thrum of the strings would intoxicate her, and she thought what joy it was to live. Then he would come whispering sweet nothings in her ear. Poor, simple flower, she believed him, this son of southern chivalry. He would tell her, that soon he must go on north, to the cold region, where the thought of her would give him courage. The old, old story, he told my flower, of how he would return, and alas, she thought his words were true. One morning he kissed and left her. The pool was still beside her, but she looked no more; the birds sang, but she did not hear their music; every thing was lost, lost in longing.

In the meantime the breeze went on towards the north. As he met the chill of that region, he became cold and harsh. His harp lacked

the low humming sound it had, and became loud and discordant. Finally it was time to return. Our poor flower recognized him a long distance off, and beamed with delight. But the breeze was changed. He blew round her, freezing her petals, his sharp cold cut her like a knife. She felt a dizziness, and over all a great sense of disappointment. It hurt her to think how foolish, she had been to believe anything as wayward as the wind. Lastly a sleepiness came over her; she shook it off, but it returned, and fast asleep she fell.

In the morning I found her, head drooping, frozen to death.

## ACCIDENT ON ATHLETIC GROUNDS.

DURING the lacrosse practice on Thursday, Enscoe, '96, while running after a ball, bumped into a small boy, knocking him over and breaking his leg. The fracture was luckily not a serious one.

—The committee for the Junior Hop will consist of the following men: H. W. Baldwin, chairman, F. Bartles, J. Rankin, S. Baldwin, W. C. Dickerman, C. W. Lord, E. S. Cunningham, F. A. Daboll, J. W. Thurston, and A. Loomis.

—Plans have been completed at the University of Chicago for the Haskell Oriental Museum, which is to be erected at a cost of \$100,000. This is the first institution in the country, that has ever provided an entire building, as a repository of the relics of old Oriental life.

—A graduate board of coaches for the track athletic team will be established this spring at Harvard.

—Columbia has refused to meet Pennsylvania in track sports.

Blest be the tie that binds  
The collar to my shirt.  
With gorgeous silken front it hides  
At least a week of dirt.

—Ex.





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